

the sacredness of the place, nor the clearness of his innocence were sufficient to protect him, he cheerfully resigned himself to their power, and while they were conveying him along, gave them the following fable.

‘ There was an old man, said he, who had spent his whole life in the country, without ever seeing the town; but when grown weak with age, was filled with curiosity, and desired to see the place he had so often heard of before he died. His neighbours told him that their asses were very well acquainted with the way, and making them ready, turned the old man and asses loose, without a guide, to try their fortune; but unhappily the old man was overtaken upon the road by a terrible tempest, and it growing dark they lost their way, and tumbled with him into a pit, where he had only time to exclaim, miserable wretch that I am to be destroyed by the basest of beasts, by asses.— That is now my fate, continued *Æsop*, in suffering by the hands of a barbarous people, who have neither humanity nor honour, but act in opposition to all the ties of hospitality and justice. The Gods, however,

‘ will

‘ will not suffer my death.—He was still speaking him headlong from the precipice, dashed to pieces with the stones.

Soon after this the city was afflicted with famine and pestilence. The principal of the conspirators, in his last words, and the king, in a fit of despair put to death.

*Æsop*, having no other resource, in his old age, and to avoid a youth, named *Enoch*, turned out a wicked man, who was so abandoned, that he committed treason, in order to take revenge; however, forgave him, and received him into favour. He bequeathed him the conduct of his life.

Worship God, my friends, with reverence, and since he is true, omnipresent, and all ostentation and hypocrisy.

Watch over your manners and actions, for God fees you do evil, your conduct against you.